First Love. From the Saturday Revi It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her effections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss in a boy's life to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for the while a little height ened and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of color will fade again, and the cool greys lower the tone, and the passion of will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say, frankly enough, that she never knew what it is to be in love. There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw, that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be cold, or later in development, or more selfconscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before" is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montagn, "would be the river Lethe, the stream of forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Casar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair and wondered how she could ever have doted on such a baldpated fellow as the Dictator. Had she suceeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she sealizes it at all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is, in fact, the one thing that makes him man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few or more poetic affections the chivalrous friendship of warmer affections schoolfellows; there is no truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. Girls can't jump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's; they are awful milk-sops; they cry and "tell mamma;" they are afraid of a governess and of a cow. It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes down with a erash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is east to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. Paper-chases and the annual match with the "old fellows" ceas highest objects of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has got the Ireland. The boy's life has besome muddled and confused. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand. He lingers on the borders of this new country from whence there is no return to the old-playing field. He is shy, strange to this world of women, and women's talk, and women's ways. The surest, steadiest foot on the cricketground stumbles over footstools, and tangles itself in colored wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of a tiny finger. The voice that rang out like

him a man. We are not, of course, going to trench on the field of poets and moral preachers, or to expound, like Sir Barnes Newcome, the philosophy of the affections, or to demonstrate, with Miss Faithfull and Mrs. Fawcett, the great office which First Love fulfils in the economy of man. The only remark we have to make is the very obvious one which moral preachers may be pardoned for forgetting, that it is on the whole a wonderfully pleasant thing. If one enters it through Purgatory, it is none the less a Paradise at which one ar rives, an Eden with its tree of knowledge and its tree of life. There is none of the distrust, the irony, the low-pitched expectations of after affection; no practical second thoughts; no calculations about wedding rings and marriage settlements. In its beginning love still hovers in a sort of debatable land between the real and the unreal, with a good deal of the fun and make-believe of boyhood and girlhood about it yet. There is the old school trick of "secrets," of "mystery," whisperings in corners, stolen glances, dropped gloves, little letters deposited in erafty hiding-places. There is the carrying out of the new ritual of love as love novels give it to us, the stealing photographs and the kissing of locks of hair, and the writing love poems with a certain weakness in their rhyme, and the watching the light in our mistress' windows. It is wonderful with what a rigorous exactitude, with what a grave seriousness, we carry out our part in the pleasant little comedy. But it is no comedy to us while we figure in it. It is the revelation of a new world, a world of light and joy, a world, too, of wonder and enchantment and mystery. "Tout est mystere dans l'amour," we sing with old Fontaine, "ses fleches, son carquois, son flambeau, son enfance," and of mysteries we are admitted as worshippers. It is hard not to fool a little

a trumpet among the tumult of foot-ball bushes and trembles and falters in saying

half-a-dozen commonplace words. The old

sense of mastery is gone. He knows that

every chit in the hursery has found out his

secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes,

and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing, when

the sisterly heads bend together, and he hears

them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he

is a fool-that is one thing which he feels

quite certain about. There is only one other

thing that he feels even more certain about-

that he is in love, and that love has made

flutter of pride at being not quite what other people are, not quite what we ourselves were a month ago. What would others understand of this new love-language that we talk? What of our spasmodic little clatter, broken with passionate ejaculations that have no relation to any subject that could be discussed in earth or heaven, interrupted by silences more elo-quent than words? What of those delicious caprices that follow on the sense of power, those bright little quarrels that only exist in the faith that severance is impossible? What of this new love of letter-writing in fingers that once hated a pen? We exult in the that St. Valentine's day thought taxes the energies of the Post Office more than any other day in the year. We laugh to think of a great government department in a flutter because Love says "write," and we have written. What of this new delight in solitude, in "mooning about," as we used to call it in our unregene rate days? Surely it is something that love conquers boredom, that one is never alone when one can peep at a locket, or spell over again those sweetest and most crossed of letters, or debate whether the object of one's passion looked best in a blue dress or a brown. But all these are the mere outer accidents of life, and it is life itself that is so changed. What a fresh boisterous breeze of life and liberty comes sweeping down on the tranquil little soul whose deepest joys and sorrows have been over her lessons and her doll! All the youth in her veins quickens at the touch. She is a hoyden, a scrapegrace in a moment; the governess shrugs her shoulders; mamma begins to think of her "coming out." Then there is the sudden revulsion, the delicious inequalities and inconsistencies of a period of transition, the shyness and stiffness, the silence, the reverie. Then at a bound there is the return on pure girlhood, the defiant revolt, the rebellion against this absorption in another. Odi et amo, it is the close neighborhood of the two that gives each its charm. She is a flirt, a coquette; for what is couquetry but the half-incredulity of a girl unable to believe in her own happiness, eager to convince herself by any experience of the new strength and attraction she has gained? After life brings deeper, intenser passion, but never sensations so vivid, so rapid, so ex-quisitely contrasted, never so involuntary. A girl lies passive in the very dreaminess of joy, as emotion after emotion sweeps over her, faith and jealousy and bitterness and delight, like the wind sweeping over Æolian chords and wakening music as wild and as wayward as the music in her heart. What other moment of life gives her those "grands ennuis entremlees de joie" that the old French poetess sung about-

"Quand je pense avoir plus de douleur, Sans y penser le ma trouve hors de peine; Puis quand le crois ma joie etre certaine, Et etre au haut de mon desire heur, Il me remet en mon premier malheur."

Men spend a great deal too much time, says a great philosopher, over love. We share Mr. Mill's opinion, though probably Mr. Mill would hardly share our grounds for it. We don't grudge a moment given to a man's first love, because a man believes in it. "Credo quia impossibile"-"I believe just because it is impossible"-replied Tertullian to the objector to his faith; and it is a gain to humanity that at the very outset of life one should meet and believe in a thing so impossible as first love. We are saved at any rate from the dreary gospel of Mr. Euckle, from regarding ourselves as machines, and tabulating our lives in averages. So too there are days, early days in a man's course, when, sitting alone and looking on a sunset, he feels like a grain of sand at the mercy of winds that blow whence and whither he knows not. First love at any rate saves us out of thoughts like these by quickening in us pulses of pain and pleasure that will beat on, drive the winds as they list. How much too of the reverence, the reserve, the grace and refinement of character, springs out of those days of distant, hushed worship, of all-surrendering, all-daring faith? A mere girl, like a mere daisy, rouses within us thoughts too deep for tears. That first touch of passion gives a beauty of its own to the temper of a man, as it gives it to the face of a woman. Who has not noted the strange, sweet change that softens the abrupt gesture, and gives music to the hasty speech, in the hoyden when love's finger first touches her? When Pygmalion's statue-bride quickened into human life, she must have felt, one fancies, an inexpressible joy in the sense of the rapture her beauty had created, and could sustain. It is this new sonse-this consciousness that, as she simply lives and moves, her grace and power is going out of her to gladden at least one heart of man's—that quickens a girl's face out of the hardness and immobility of earlier years. From paere physical, immobile form, it becomes life and spirit, sensitive to every wave of thought, feeling, reflection. The very wonder of the new world she looks out pon, its interest, its awe, mirror themselves in the quick alternations of enthusiasm, of terror, of tenderness. It is quite as well to get a little beauty into the world, quite as well to preserve a little poetry in man, and while first love does this we don't mean to surrender it to Mr. Mill. But we freely give up to him its successors. The mere conventional repetition of the real thing, when its first 'ervor of faith has fled, the repetition of the old love-litanies by lips that have learned the irony of them, the mechanical performance of the ritual that has become a sham, this is—we agree with Mr. Mill-a sheer waste of human time. When a man has got safely over thirty, and looks back on the number of these performances, their extreme dreariness, and the time they have cost him, he feels a twinge of compunction, and a certain pleasure in the consciousness that he is now at any rate secure till forty. As for women, till they are quickened by the apostleship of the cham-pions of their "rights," they will probably go on thinking these little farces the pleasantest things in life. After all they are not more ridiculous than the general tenor of their existence, and woman has, at any rate, more

#### time to waste then man. NO BACK DOWN.

Bonner and that One Hundred Thousand Dol-iar Horse.

To a gentleman who inquired of Mr. Bonner if his offer of one hundred thousand dollars for a horse that would equal Dexter's great performance to a road wagon was still in force, and if he had any re-servation in regard to it as to age, soundness, etc., Mr. Bonner replied as to lows.

Mr. Bonner replied as follows:—

Dear Str:—I have received your favor of the 11th inst., in which you inque eff there are any conditions, so far as soundness or are is concerned, annexed to have the care are any lower favor. so far as soundless of 1.28 is concerned, an equal Dex-ter's recent performances of 2.21% to a road wagon. In reply, I have to state that I have no conditions of the kind to interpess. throw the door wide open. the kind to interpess. throw the door wide open.
Of course, I should pred r a young and sound horse
like Dexter, but I shall not make it a barrier against
any horse undertaking to perform the feat
whether he be young or old—sound or unsound—lame or free from lame ness—whether he have one spavin or two, three I shones or four—be blind of one eye or both—be en-winded or foundered—so long as he perious the feat of starting as Dexter started from my stable in Twenty-seventh street, near slinth avenue, at 1 o'clock P. M., and trotting during the same afternoon on Prospect Park, as Dexter trotted, a mile in 2214, to a read wagen and driver weighing together its to a road wagon and driver weighing together 31

potentia. There must be no running or jumping-

every inch of the mile must be trotted, as Dexter trotted it, without a single skip or jump; and I must have the privilege of winessing and timing the trial, and taking one or two friends with me. The owner

and taking one or two friends with me. The owner of the horse can also have one or two friends present; but under no circumstances will I be concerned, directly or indirectly, in a public advertised trial, where money is received at the entrance gate, or opportunity is given for betting.

If you know of any man who owns a horse that can perform this feat, I will thank you to send him to me, as I want to own the animal, even if he has any one or all of the blemishes which I have enumerated. With all of them I would consider him cheap at the price paged, after performing the feat in at the price named, after performing the feat in question, and I can assure you that if you put me in the way of procuring such a horse—either with or without blemishes—you will have my lasting gratitude, and find me ready at any time, whether night or day, to reciprocate the favor.

Yours truly,
ROBERT BONNER.

### MARK TWAIN.

MARK TWAIN.

The Letter rom him Read at the "California Pioneer Hanquet."

Yesterday a banquet was given to the California Pioneers in New York, at which the following highly interesting, bugely instructive, and intensely amusing letter from Mark Twain was read:

ELMIRA, Oct. II, 1869—To the California Pioneers—Gentlemen:—Circumstances render it out of my power to take advantage of the invitation extended to me through Mr. Simonton, and be present at your dimner in New York. I regret this very much, for there are several among you whom I would have a right to join hands with on the score of old friendship, and I suppose I would have a sublime general right to shake hands with the rest of you on the score of kinship in Californian ups and downs in search of fortune. If I were to tail some of my experiences, you would recognize Californian blood in me, I fancy. The old, old story would sound familiar no doubt. I have the usual stock of reminiscences. For instance, I went to Esmeralda early. I purchased largely in the "Wide West," the "Winnemucca," and other fine claims, and was very wealthy. I fared sumptuously on bread when flour was two hundred dollars a barrel, and had beans for dinner every Sunday, when none but bloated aristocrats could afford such grandeur. But I sinished by feeding batteries in a quartz mill at fifteen dollars a week, and wishing I was aristocrats could afford such grandeur. But I finished by feeding batteries in a quartz mill at fifteen dellars a week, and wishing I was a battery myself and had somebody to feed me. My claims in Esmeralda are there yet. I suppose I could be persuaded to sell. I went to the Humboldt District when it was new. I became largely interested in the "Alba Nueva," and other claims with gorgeous names, and was rich again—in prospect. I owned a vast mining property there. I would not have sold out for less than four hundred thousand dollars at that time. But I will now. Finally, I walked home—some two hundred miles—partly for exercise and partly because stage fares Finally, I walked home—some two hundred miles—partly for exercise and partly because stage fares were expensive. Next I entered upon an affluent career in Virginia City, and by a judicious investment of labor and the capital of friends became the owner of about all the worthless wildcat mines there were in that part of the country. Assessments did the business for me there. There were a hundred and seventeen assessments to one dividend, and the proportion of income to outlay was a little against me. My financial thermometer went down to 30 deg. Fabrenheit, and the subscriber was frozen out. I took up extensions on the main lead—extensions that reached to British America in one direction and to the isthmus of Panama in the other—and I verily to the isthmus of Panama in the other-and I verily believe I would have been a rich man if I had ever found those infernal extensions. But I didn't, I ran tunnels till I tapped the Arctic Ocean, and I sunk shafts till I broke through the roof of perdition; but those extensions turned up missing every time. I am willing to sell all that reports and throw to the inversements. Perham. property and throw in the improvements. Perhaps you remember the celebrated "North Ophir." bought that mine. It was very rich in pure silver You could take it out in lumps as large as a filbert. But when it was discovered that those lumps were melted half dollars, and hardly melted at that, a painful case of "saiting" was apparent, and the undersigned adjourned to the poor-house again. I paid assessments on "Hale & Norcrosa" till they sold me out, and I had to take in washing for a living—and the next month, that integrous stark wort me. the next month that infamous stock went up to seven thousand dollars a foot. I own millions and millions of feet of adjuent silver leads in Nevada in fact, I own the entire undercrust of that country nearly, and if Congress would move that State off my property, so that I could get at it. I would be wealthy yet. But no, there she squarts; and here am I. Failing health persuades me to sell. If you know of any one desiring a permanent investment, I can furnish him one that will have the virtue of being

I have been through the Californian mill, with all its "dips, spurs, and angles, variations and sinuosi-ties." I have worked there at all the different trades and professions known to the catalogue. I have been everything, from a newspaper editor down to a cow-catcher on a locomotive, and I am encouraged to believe that, if there had been a few more occupa-tions to experiment on I might have made a daz-zing success at last, and found out what mysterious esign Providence had in view in creating me. But you perceive that although I am not a pioneer

have had a sufficiently variegated time of it t enable me to talk pioneer like a native and feel like Forty-niner. Therefore, I cordially welcome you to your old remembered homes and your long deserted bresides, and close this screed with the sincere hon that your visit here will be a happy one, and unembittered by the sorrowful surprises that absence and lapse of years are wont to prepare for wanderers; surprises which come in the form of old friends missed from their places; silence where familiar voices should be: the young grown old; change and decay everywhere; home a delusion and a disap-pointment; strangers at the hearthstone; sorrow where gladness was; tears for laughter; the melan-choly pomp of death where the grace of life had

With all good wishes for the returned prodigals, and regrets that I cannot partake of a small piece o the fatted calf (rare, and no gravy), I am yours, cor-dially, Mark Tw N.

### THE "PATRIOT."

How the Discomfiture of the Unterrified was Brought About.

Under a gloomy caption the Harrisburg Patriot, one of the leading journals of the opposition in this state, supplies its readers with a number of reasons why the Democracy met with defeat. It quite broadly hints at the blunders of the Democratic politicians, and then drops down on the Harrisburg Convention in this style:— Convention in this style:

Convention in this style:—
"Such a blunder, we think, was committed by the convention that sat here on the fourteenth of July last in failing to name the chairman of the State Central Committee. We say this was a blunder, nothing more, nothing less. It was no doubt done with the very best intentions. Nevertheless it was a real blunder, causing serious embarrassment, and

with the very best intentions. Nevertheless it was a real blunder, causing serious embarrassment, and threatened shipwreck to the whole concern before the campaign had opened."

The Patriot brings the State Central Committee to task in the following language:

There was another serious mistake made, in our estimation, and made too with the purest of motives. It is unwise to undertake to make Philadelphia the political capital of the State. Harrisburg is made so by law, and when the Democratic party comes to act accordingly, its advantages will be comes to act accordingly, its advantages will be seen and felt. The Democracy of Pennsylvania could scarcely subsist without the aid they receive in Philadelphia. The Democracy of Philadelphia poli nearly one-fourth the whole vote of the party in the 'State. But this is not all. The "sinews o war" are in much larger projection furnished there without the aid, therefore, of the Democra's o Philadelphia, the party in the State would indeed go a-begging. But this furnishes no concursive reason why the State Control Committee, should make it. a-begging. But this furnishes no concassive reason why the State Central Committee should make its headquarters there. The only other argument urged in favor of Philadelphia as the headquarters is, that more people from the interior of the State visit Philadelphia than Harrisburg, and can be seen and talked to. This is all very true, and is cultited to nuch weight. But on the other hand Philadelphia is a far more expensive place to live and reminer of the committee find much more to diver their attention from their legitimate duties there their attention from their legitimate duties there than they would here. Besides this, Harrisburg is much nearer the centre of the State, and her factors much hearer the centre of the State, and her laculty for the distribution of documents, and political information is much the best. We are satisfied that if the trial was once fairly made, Harrisburg woeld always thereafter be continued as the headquarters of the Democratic State Central Committee.

"Defeated though not dismayed" is the motto of the Patriet, as will be seen in the following concision of its editorial:

We shall not attempt to assign the particular reasons for our defeat vesterday. It will be more pro-

We shall not attempt to assign the particular fea-sons for our defeat yesterday. It will be more pru-dent to wait and see precisely how much we are beaten, and in what portion of the State, and among what classes of voters our losses and gains pre-ponderate. Is the meantime, though defeated in a contest in which we should have won, we are not dismayed, and can say to Domocrats everywhere, the Democracy of Pennsylvania believing their cause to be just, are as ready now in the midst of defeat to do battle for the right as ever they were.

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